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John's Discouragement.

Little John sat upon the stairs looking disconsolate.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked Cousin Isabel kindly.

"Well, you see, Cousin Isabel, they let me hold the baby on my knee, sometimes, though he can't even hold his head up straight. And they weigh him every single day, but since they began it he's gained only two pounds and three ounces. And I've just been thinking that I'll be an old, old man before that fellow'll be of any use on the team."

On the Other Hand.

The late Edgar Saltus, the brilliant and satirical novelist, said one day at a New York wedding breakfast, where the bridegroom was a millionaire of forty-five:

"Our Rockefeller and Schwabs and Russell Sages married in their first youth. Well, our successful men don't marry now as early as they used to, but, on the other hand—"

And Mr. Saltus looked round the table with a bland smile.

"On the other hand, they marry oftener."

Couldn't Fool Him.

An Indianapolis woman was visiting her three-year-old grandson, and one day saw him standing before the mirror looking at himself, and saying:

"Yes, that's me."

"Thomas," said grandmother, "you should say, 'That's I.'"

"Well, it might be I, but it looks like me."

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SPANISH DOUBLOONS



By **CAMILLA KENYON**

PICTURES BY **A. WEIL**

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(CHAPTER IX—Continued.)

"December 28. Of course the cave under the point is the logical place. I have been unable to find any stone marked B. H. on the ground above it, but I fear that a search after Bill's tombstone would be hopeless. Under circumstances such as those of the mate's story, it seems to me that all the probabilities point to their concealing the chest in the cave with an opening on the bay. To get to the boat, laden with the heavy chest, through the surf to any of the other caves—if the various cracks and fissures I have seen are indeed properly to be called caves—would be stiff work for three men. Yes, everything indicates the cavern under the point. The only question is, isn't it indicated too clearly? Would a smooth old scoundrel such as this Captain Sampson must have been hidden his treasure in the very place certain to be ransacked if the secret ever got out? Unless it was deeply buried, which it could have been only at certain stages of the tide, even old Heintz would have been apt to run across it in the course of his desultory researches for the riches of the buccaniers. And I am certain placed old Heintz did not mislead me. Besides, at Panama, he was making arrangements to go with some other Germans on a small business venture to Samoa, which he would not have been likely to do if he had just unearthed a vast fortune in buried treasure. Still, I shall explore the cave thoroughly, though with little hope.

"Oh, Helen, if I could watch these tropic stars with you tonight!"

January 6. I think I am through with the cave under the point—the Cavern of the Two Arches. I have named it. I peered into every crevice in the walls, and sounded the sands with a drill. I suppose I would have made a more thorough job of it if I had not been convinced from the first that the chest was not there. Shall I ever forget the feeling that stirred me when first I turned the pages of my grandfather's diary and saw there, in his faded writing, the story of the mate of the Bonny Lass, who died in Havana in my grandfather's arms? My grandfather had gone as supercargo in his own ship, and while he did a good stroke of business in Havana—trust his shrewd Yankee instincts for that—he managed to combine the service of God with that of Mammon. Many a poor drunken sailor, taking his fling ashore in the bright, treacherous plague-ridden city, found in him a friend, as did the mate of the Bonny Lass in his dying hour. Oh, if my good grandfather had but made sure from the man's own lips exactly where the treasure lay! It is enough to make one fancy that the unknown Bill, who paid for too much knowledge with his life, has his own fashion of guarding the hoard. But I ramble. I was going to say, that from the moment when I learned from my grandfather's diary of the existence of the treasure, I have been driven by an impulse more overmastering than anything I have ever experienced in my life. It was, I believe, what old-fashioned pious folk would call a leading. All my life I had been irresolute, the sport of circumstances, trifling with this and that, unable to set my face steadfastly toward any goal. Yet never, since I have trodden this path, have I looked to right or left. I have defied both human opinion and the obstacles which an unfriendly fate has thrown in my way. All alone, I, a sailor hitherto of pleasure-craft among the bays and islands of the New England coast, put forth in my little sloop for a voyage of three hundred miles on the loneliest wastes of the Pacific. All alone, did I say? No, there was Benjy the faithful. His head is at my knee as I write. He knows, I think, that his master's mood is sad tonight. Oh, Helen, if you ever see these lines will you realize how I have longed for you—how it sometimes seems that my soul must tear itself loose from my body and speed to you across half a world?

"February 1. Since my last record my time has been well filled. In the Island Queen I have been surveying the coasts of my domain, sailing as close in as I dared, and taking note of every crevice that might be the mouth of a cave. Then, either in the rowboat or by scrambling down the cliffs, I visit the indicated point. It is bitterly hard labor, but it has its compensations. I am growing hale and strong, brown and muscular.

"So far I have discovered half a dozen caves, most of them quite small, any one of them seemed such a likely place that at first I was quite hopeful. But I have found nothing. Usually the floor of the cave beneath a few inches of sand is rock. Only in the great cave under the point have I found sand to any depth. I go always

on the principle that Captain Sampson and his two assistants had not time for any elaborate work of concealment. Most likely they laid the chest in some natural niche. Sailors are unskilled in the use of such implements as spades, and besides, the very heart of the undertaking was haste and secrecy. They must have worked at night and between two tides, for few of the caves can be reached except at the ebb. And I take it as certain that the cave must have opened directly on the sea. For three men to transport such a weight and bulk by land would be sheer impossibility.

"February 10. Today a strange, thing happened—so strange, so wonderful and glorious that it ought to be recorded in luminous ink. And I owe it all to Benjy! Little dog, you shall go in a golden collar and eat lamb-chops every day! This morning—"

Across my absorption in the diary cut the unwelcome clangor of Cooke's gong. Right on the breathless edge of discovery I was summoned with my thrilling secret in my breast, to join my unsuspecting companions. I hid the book carefully in my cot. Not until the light of tomorrow morning could I return to its perusal. How I was to survive the interval I did not know. But on one point my mind was made up—no one should dream of the existence of the diary until I knew all that it had to impart.

CHAPTER X.

Miss Brown Has a Vision.

Perhaps because of the secret excitement under which I was laboring, I seemed that evening unusually aware of the emotional fluctuations of those about me. Violet looked grimmer than ever, so that I judged her struggles with her mundane consciousness to have been exceptionally severe. Captain Magnus seemed even beyond his wont restless, loose-jointed and wandering-eyed, and performed extraordinary feats of sword-swallowing. Mr. Shaw was very silent, and his forehead knitted now and then into a reflective frown. As for myself, I had much ado to hide my abstraction, and turned cold from head to foot with alarm when I heard my own voice addressing Crusoe as Benjy.

A faint ripple of surprise passed round the table.

"Named your dog over again, Miss Jenny?" Inquired Mr. Tubbs. Mr. Tubbs had adopted a facetiously paternal manner toward me. I knew in anticipation of the moment when he would invite me to call him Uncle Ham.

"I say, you know," expostulated Cuthbert Vane, "I thought Crusoe rather a nice name. Never heard of any chap named Benjy that lived on an island."

I tried to rally from my confusion, but I knew my cheeks were burning. Looks of deepening surprise greeted the scarlet emblems of discomfiture that I hung out.

"By heck, bet there's a feller at home named Benjy!" cackled Mr. Tubbs shrilly, and for once I blessed him.

Aunt Jane turned upon him her round innocent eyes.

"Oh, no, Mr. Tubbs," she assured him, "I don't think a single one of them was named Benjy!"

The laughter which followed this gave me time to get myself in hand again.

"Crusoe it is and will be," I asserted. "It happens that a girl I know at home has a dog named Benjy." Which happened fortunately to be true, for otherwise I should have been obliged to invent it. But the girl is a cat, and the dog a miserable little high-bred something, all shivers and no hair. I should never have thought of him in the same breath with Crusoe.

That evening Mr. Shaw addressed the gathering at the camp-fire—which we made small and bright, and then sat well away from because of the heat—and in a few words gave it as his opinion that any further search in the cave under the point was useless. (If he had known the strange confirmatory echo which this awoke in my mind!) He proposed that the shore of the island to a reasonable distance on either side of the bay entrance should be surveyed, with a view to discover whether some other cave did not exist which would answer the description given by the dying Hopperdown as well as that first explored.

Mr. Shaw's words were addressed to the ladies, the organizer and financier, respectively, of the expedition, to the very deliberate exclusion of Mr. Tubbs. But he might as well have made up his mind to recognize the triumvirate. Enthroned on a camp-chair sat Aunt Jane, like a little goddess of the Dollar Sign, and on one hand Mr. Tubbs smiled blandly, and on the other Violet gloomed. You saw that in sacred

council! Mr. Shaw's announcement had been foreseen and deliberated upon.

Miss Brown, who carried an invisible rostrum with her wherever she went, now alerted me there it.

"My friends," she began, "those dwelling on a plane where the Material is all may fall to grasp the thought which I shall put before you this evening. My friends, this expedition was, so to speak, called from the Void by Thought. Thought it was, as realized in steamships and other ephemeral forms, which bore us over rolling seas. How, then, can it be otherwise than that Thought should influence our fortunes—that success should be unable to materialize before a persistent attitude of Negation? My friends, you will perceive that there is no break in this sequence of ideas; all is remorseless logic.

"In order to withdraw myself from this atmosphere of Negation, for these several days past I have sought seclusion. There in silence I have asserted the power of Positive over Negative Thought, gazing meanwhile into the profound depths of the All. My friends, an answer has been vouchsafed us: I have had a vision of that for which we seek. Now at last, in a spirit of glad confidence, we may advance. For, my friends, the chest is buried—in sand."

With this triumphant announcement Miss Higgleby-Browne sat down. A heavy silence succeeded. It was broken by a murmur from Mr. Tubbs.

"Wonderful—that's what I call wonderful! Talk about the eloquence of the ancients—I believe, by gum, this is on a par with congressional oratory!"

"A vision, Miss Brown," said Mr. Shaw gravely, "must be an interesting thing. I have never seen one myself, having no talents that way, but in the little Scotch town of Dumbiedykes where I was born there was an old lady with a remarkable gift of second sight. Simple folk, not being acquainted with the proper terms to fit the case, called her the Wise Woman. Well, one day my aunt had been to the neighboring town of Micklestane, five miles off, and on the way back to Dumbiedykes she lost her purse. It had three sovereigns in it—a great sum to my aunt. In her trouble of mind she hurried to the Wise Woman—a thing to make her proud father turn in his grave. The Wise Woman—gazed into the All, I suppose, and told my aunt not to fret herself, for she had had a vision of the purse and it lay somewhere on the road between Micklestane and Dumbiedykes.

"Now, Miss Brown, I'll take the liberty of drawing a moral from this story to fit the present instance; where on the road between Micklestane and Dumbiedykes is the chest?"



"This Expedition Was Called From the Void by Thought."

Though startled at the audacity of Mr. Shaw, I was unprepared for the spasm of absolute fury that convulsed Miss Brown's countenance.

"Mr. Shaw," she thundered, "if you intend to draw a parallel between me and an ignorant Scotch peasant—"

"Not at all," said Mr. Shaw calmly, "forebye the Wise Woman was a most respectable person and had a grandson in the kirk. The point is, can you indicate with any degree of exactness the whereabouts of the chest? For there is a good deal of sand on the shores of this island."

"Oh, but Mr. Shaw!" interposed Aunt Jane tremulously. "In the sand—why, I am sure that is such a helpful thought! It shows quite plainly that the chest is not buried in—a rock, you know." She gave the effect of a person trying to deflect a thunderstorm with a palm-leaf fan.

"Dynamite—dynamite—blow the lid off the island!" mumbled Captain Magnus.

"If anyone has a definite plan to propose," said Mr. Shaw, "I am very ready to consider it. I have understood, myself, from the first to be acting under the directions of the ladies who planned this expedition. Considering its importance to myself, no one can well suppose that I am not doing all in my power to bring the chest to light. Tomorrow, if the sea is favorable, it is my intention to set out in the boat to determine the character of such other caves as exist on the island. I'll want you with me, lad, and you too, Magnus."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHOICE BETWEEN TWO LOVES

Can One Wonder That Malvina Turtledove Hesitated When It Came to a Showdown?

Malvina Turtledove wept bitterly. Those dear, bright blue eyes were in danger of being washed clearer and bluer still.

She was in love!

Then she dressed hurriedly, in preparation for Jack's expected visit.

Promptly at eight he arrived.

"Jack," she breathed, "I am so worried."

"My pet, my angel, what is it?" asked Jack, in great concern.

"I have got to give one of you up, and I don't know which I love best. Can't I—?" the maiden wept.

"No!" returned Jack, determinedly. "You must choose between us—me or I!"

"Jack," she wept, "show me some mercy!"

But he showed her none, and so, with a last look of love, Malvina threw her Pomeranian, Bob, out of the window and said:

"Jack, I am yours!"

DIFFERENT, OFF THE STAGE

Master Crook Had to Seek Ordinary Mortal to Perform What Would Seem Simple Task.

Dareham Drake, the world-famous film villain, had had a very busy day at the studios.

In the performance of part nineteen of "The Master Crook" he had deftly cut open with his electric saw five formidable safes, mastered swiftly the mysterious combinations of nine more, and with a nonchalant air had picked the lock of his prison cell.

And now, his day's work finished, he breathed a sigh of relief as he alighted from his car and reached the door of his flat.

It was locked.

Anxiously he searched every pocket of his clothes for the latchkey, but failed to unearth it.

"Here's a fix!" he groaned.

After another vain search the Master Crook walked around to the nearest locksmith's shop, slung a \$20 bill into the counter and begged the unshaven man in charge to come and open his "blessed" door!

Not for a While.

He was a bachelor in the forties and she was a sweet young thing of twenty, but he loved her and was courting her vigorously in all the ways an old bachelor knows how to woo a young maid. Then one night he decided he would sing to her. Going to the piano, he picked up some loose sheets of music and began to play. Finally he came to one which pleased him and began to sing:

"Grow old with me— The best of—"

But the sweet young thing had interrupted him very forcibly. "I won't do it," she tossed back impudently, "at least, not for 25 years."—Brooklyn Standard Union.

The Court Understood.

"You admit you were speeding?"

"Yes, your honor."

"A frank confession goes a long way in this court. What excuse have you to offer for exceeding the speed limit?"

"A man in a little old rattletrap flier drove up behind me and bawled to me to get out of the way and let somebody use the street who could get more out of one cylinder than I could get out of six."

"Umph! I do a little motoring myself. I'll let you off with the minimum fine this time."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Lost a Sale.

"I want," said the very plain girl, "a book entitled 'Cultivate Your Natural Beauty.'"

"Here it is," said the clerk, who wanted to be sociable. "Are you getting it for a friend?"

And the very plain girl put her purse back into her bag and went right out. —From the Retail Ledger, Philadelphia.

Surprise for Mother.

Marjory—Mamma, were you at home when I was born?

Mother—No, darling. I was at grandma's in the country.

Marjory—Wasn't you awfully surprised when you heard about it?

Real Dilemma.

Parker—What's wrong? You look worried.

Streeter—I am. I wrote two notes—one to my broker, asking him if he took me for a fool, and the other to Miss Golding, asking her if she would marry me. While I was out somebody telephoned "Yes," and I don't know which of them it was!"

A Lesson to Him.

Rafferty borer ten feet into a mining claim and then abandoned it. Another took it up and at 11 feet struck gold. When Rafferty heard the news he exclaimed: "I'll never leave another claim until I've gone a foot further!"—Life.

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